

we belong to the sound of the words by everyeveryminute

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

That was his job in their little group, to make them forget the sadness that constantly hid behind their eyes, even if it was just for a few seconds. He knew that they shared something more than he could possibly fathom and that he could never be apart of their link, but at least he was there to make them happy. He didn't know when the transition happened from caring about Nancy's happiness to caring about Nancy and Jonathan's happiness, but he was here now and he wouldn't fail.

Or

Nancy, Steve and Jonathan come to terms with the bond between them. That for some cosmic reason they were meant to be together, but it's the 80s and it's complicated. It would be complicated even if they didn't have monsters and dead friends and upside down worlds to worry about too.

1. lately something's changed

Author's Note:

Looking for some cliche fluff? You came to the right place, at least this first chapter. This is super short, but it is more of a prologue than an actual chapter.

Also, I fudged some dates with the time period, so forgive me. I just wanted to make a point, but was a year off and I did it anyway.

Title taken from Pat Benatar's We Belong. Both Jonathan and Steve hate this damn song, but Nancy will scream it at the top of her lungs.

The dark room was home. The cool surrounded him and the red light made him forget that his real home held a distant brother, a mother who tried too hard to make everything okay and an empty bed that always took him to a world he wanted to forget. Here he could just be Jon, whoever that was now. He wasn't that Byers kid who mothers in the grocery store looked at with pity or Jonathan who his classmates avoided like the plague in fear that whatever weird shit happened could possible rub off onto them. It wasn't so bad, he wasn't all that popular to begin with, but at least now no one pushed him into his locker or lodged spitballs into his hair.

He watched closely as his works of art slowly developed, carefully analyzing each one. Nancy had told him that he needed to start building his portfolio for college applications, so he picked his favorites. The diner on the corner of Lafayette and Second with a young couple in its foggy window, a stray cat lounging on a railroad track, his brother and mom in a rare moment of laughter in the backyard, the dining room table after Christmas dinner, and Steve Harrington making an idiotic face to the camera. A smile crept onto his face as he looked at the final picture. "You know, I'm pretty

goddamn attractive. Maybe I could be a model.” Steve had said one evening on at the Wheeler’s home. He was messing with Jonathan’s camera while Nancy and Jonathan worked on their history project. “What d’ya think Jon?” Jonathan looked up to see Steve with squinted eyes and pursed lips, an awful attempt to look like a Calvin Klein male model. Not that Jonathan looked at those ads or anything. Jonathan blinked and looked down to try and hide his small smile.

“Maybe a hand model.” He sniggered. A throw pillow hit the side of his face.

“Oh, fuck you Byers,” Steve exclaimed. Nancy glared at them.

“The boys are just downstairs.”

“Like they don’t know that word,” Steve murmured, but went back to fiddling with Jonathan’s camera, the camera that he had bought him. Steve had felt like a piece of shit because, well, he was a goddamn piece of shit. He had been in the mall in the town next to Hawkins and had mysteriously found himself in front of an electronics store. He shuffled in, suddenly timid and grabbed the first worker he could find. He explained in rushed words that he needed a good camera for this really great photographer and he didn’t know shit about cameras. She handed him a camera that seemed too new, too just *not Jonathan*. He scrunched his nose. “Do you have anything... uh, pretentious?” She laughed, but went to the back and brought him exactly what Jonathan would love. He gave it to Nancy and told her to give it to Jonathan. “I just... I felt bad. And I can’t give it to him myself. It’s weird. You know?” She didn’t, but obliged anyway. And now he held it in his hands, some stupid symbol of whatever tenuous relationship he and Jonathan had. He quietly hummed to himself.

“Are you really humming that song from The Breakfast Club?” Jonathan asked with a hint of disdain.

“Yes, I happen to *like* the movie.”

“No, you didn’t!” Nancy laughed. “I had to force you to watch it with me and you talked through the whole thing and then complained that it was boring.”

“Hmm, don’t remember that.” The pillow was thrown again, this time by Nancy and hitting Steve making his soft hair become slightly disheveled. “Besides, we’re like our own little Breakfast Club. I’m the hot jock guy, Nance you’re the geek and Jon you’re the weirdo.” Nancy and Jonathan exchanged a glance and then burst out laughing. Steve watched them laugh together. That was his job in their little group, to make them forget the sadness that constantly hid behind their eyes, even if it was just for a few seconds. He knew that they shared something more than he could possibly fathom and that he could never be apart of their link, but at least he was there to make them happy. He didn’t know when the transition happened from caring about Nancy’s happiness to caring about Nancy and Jonathan’s happiness, but he was here now and he wouldn’t fail.

As far as he could remember it had happened after Christmas break when they had found each other at a lunch table. They hadn’t talked about sitting together, but somehow it had happened. Maybe because they were all alone now. Jonathan had always sat alone at lunch, Steve was no longer part of the hierarchy of high school popularity and Nancy had lost Barb. The first week or two it was awkward and stiff, often filled with long periods of silence which Steve absolutely could not stand. So he started making jokes and trying to get them to laugh and talk. By Valentine’s they were a group of friends. They hung out together outside of school and went to the diner and the movies together and everyone at school knew that no one could fuck with Jonathan Byers ever again because Steve would beat the living shit out of them. Nancy would go on dates with Steve and hang out with Jonathan, but Jonathan and Steve would never hang out together without Nancy. Maybe their relationship only existed because of their mutual love for Nancy. Was that weird? Probably, but it was how they were. It was easier to accept whatever their relationship was than to question it or try to define it.

Jonathan looked at his watch. “Shit. I gotta get Will home.” He stood up and stretched.

“Wait, wait!” Steve exclaimed. “Take my picture, Jon.” Jonathan gave him a look. Steve opened his mouth and then closed it again. He really has to stop talking before he thinks. He scanned his brain for an excuse. “For your portfolio. I mean any college will have to accept

you if you have such a gorgeous model in your portfolio.” Jonathan smiled and nodded.

“Yeah, yeah, NYU will take one look at you and I’m in.” He took the camera from Steve and brought it to his eye. “Ready?” Steve pulled his model face again and Jonathan snapped the photo. Nancy watched their interaction, they were getting better at being friends and it filled her with a feeling she did not know the word for. She smiled to herself.

Jonathan smiled down at the now fully developed picture. It wasn’t going to go into his portfolio, but he stuck it in his folder anyway for safekeeping. He didn’t know where he stood with Steve. He tried so damn hard to be right when he was around him. He tried not to stare at Nancy or touch her or seem like he was desperately in love with her, but he doubts he was a very good actor. Yet Steve let him hang around them anyway. It was probably out of pity, but if Jonathan was honest, he really didn’t give a damn. It wasn’t like he was desperate for friends, he was use to being alone. After middle school when suddenly it was painfully obvious that he was poor and different, being alone became his new norm, but it was nice to have someone to sit with at lunch and go to the movies with. Sure, he was a bit a third wheel, but he was okay with it and it seemed that Nancy and Steve were too. He carefully placed the rest of his photographs into his folder and scurried out of the dark room. “Hey, where’s the fire, kid?” Steve asked jogging to catch up with Jonathan. When he reached him and slumped an arm around Jonathan’s shoulders. Jonathan used to flinch when he would do that, but now he welcomed the friendly gesture.

“I’m late for chemistry.” He answered.

“Ah, fuck chemistry.” Jonathan smirked at Steve’s carefree attitude. God, he wished he could be like him. “Skip it.” Steve asked Nancy and Jonathan to skip school on a daily basis.

“Do you ever go to class Harrington?”

“Oh, once or twice a week I pop my head in, but ya know...” He trailed off and shrugged as if that finished his sentence.

“I really can’t skip.” They ran into Nancy, who was also on her way to chemistry, her nose buried in notecards.

“Nancy, run away with us.” She looked up, startled for a millisecond and then broke out into a smile solely reserved for Steve. Jonathan swallowed a pang of jealousy.

“Where to?”

“Anywhere but here.”

“Paris?” She giggled.

“Bong-or, madame.” Jonathan shook his head and Nancy’s giggle became a full on laugh.

“It’s bonjour. Soft j, babe.” She tapped him on his chest. “But I should really get to chemistry. You coming Jonathan?” Jonathan slipped out from under Steve’s arm and followed Nancy down the hallway.

“Oh, you guys are so *boring* !” Steve called and Jonathan turned to get one more look at Steve’s smirk and felt a smile form on his own face. Steve winked and Jonathan felt a blush rising on the back of his neck as he turned back around.

2. all the good girls are home with broken hearts

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm back! First things first.. SEASON TWO!! I am way too excited for it and I do not want to wait at all.

Also, thank you so, so much for everyone who read, left comments and kudos, and bookmarked the first chapter you guys are the best! I am seriously blown away by all of you and I appreciate each and every one of you!

Lastly, this chapter and chapters following will deal with depression. I have changed the tags to reflect that.

Nancy formed stringy curly-qs on the shower tile with the dead strands of hair that fall away while shampooing. She let the steaming water run down her face and body. The water was clearly too hot, but she liked the slight burn that stung her skin. Last semester she got an A-plus in advance psychology, so she knew what was happening. She had read her psychology textbook religiously for a whole semester, even considered going to college for a psych major. So she was well aware that she was *Depressed*. The word was a flashing neon sign in her mind that made her want to throw up. The school grief counselor told her that she needed to grieve, she had every right to be sad, "What you went through... no one should have to experience, especially someone your age. You don't have to be strong." God, if this bitch even knew, Nancy thought. She was in mandatory grief counseling because her best friend was missing, not because her best friend was captured by some goddamn monster and was rotting in an alternate world. All because Nancy wanted to be one of the cool kids.

"I know," She muttered. If she was being honest with herself, something Nancy had never been good at, she knew that the counselor was right. Nancy was a rational person and realized that she didn't need to be the same Nancy anymore, but it was so much easier to just pretend.

"Do you talk to your parents?" The counselor asked. Nancy shook her

head. Of course not, there is no way she would ever talk to them. Her father would was an emotionally unavailable asshole and her mother would break down into tears if Nancy so much as mentioned Barb. “Who can you talk to?” She didn’t know.

“You know you can always come to me.” Steve had said while they were intertwined on his bed. Her head was on his chest, listening as his heartbeat slowed. He absentmindedly traced patterns up and down her arm while he stared at his ceiling. He swallowed. “I don’t understand a lot of things, I’m not that smart.” She lifted her head to interrupt him, she hated when he said things like that about himself, but he held up his hand. “Just let me get this out. I’m not going to pretend with you. I have no idea how to help you. I can’t explain what happened, I can’t make you happy, I can’t bring Barb back. All I can do is be in love with you and always be *here* for you. No matter what.” He tightened his grip around her and his lips grazed the top of her head.

“You’re in love with me?” She asked, her throat suddenly tight.

“Of course, I thought that that was painfully obvious.”

“What if I go crazy?” She whispered. Her nightmares were often of monsters and forests and Barb, but sometimes it was of padded rooms and pills and straight jackets. She didn’t know which ones were worse.

“Doesn’t matter. You can’t get rid of me now, Nance.”

“But I see her, she’s in the library, the hallways, my room, everywhere...” She broke down.

“I know.” He held her close for the rest of the night until she fell asleep and, for once, she didn’t dream.

“Nancy, Mike has to shower too! Hurry up!” Her mother called from the hallway. Nancy ran her hands through her soaked hair one more time and shut off the water. She wrapped a pink towel around her petite body and wiped the steam from the mirror. The dark circles under her eyes and gaunt cheekbones were so prominent, she wasn’t fooling anyone was she? Were her parents ignoring it? Or did they

really just not see? Barb stood behind her, Nancy no longer jumped and her heart no longer pounded at the sight of her best friend.

“I’m sorry,” Barb reached out for her and Nancy watched her, tempted to turn around and grab her. But she knew as soon as she would turn that Barb would be gone. Barb’s mouth opened as if she was screaming, no noise came out. Black sludge poured from her lips. Nancy closed her eyes and steadied herself against the sink.

“Nancy, now! I’m serious!” Her mother yelled again. She took a deep breath and smiled at her reflection. She put on the face that everyone else saw. Nancy Wheeler, survivor and fighter.

“Have I mentioned how much I hate Mrs. Snite? Because I feel like I haven’t.” Steve was leaning up against Nancy’s locker as she walked into school. Every since school had started again, he was always patiently waiting for her at her locker. Sometimes with a blueberry muffin, today his hands were empty. He ran a hand through his hair. She smiled to herself because there really was something about his hair that always seemed to cause butterflies in her stomach. As she reached her locker, Steve turned to lean on his shoulder to face Nancy.

“You know, I don’t think you have.” Nancy played along. She opened her locker and Steve smirked. She could feel him watching her, he did it so often now that it no longer bothered her. It was as if he was studying every inch of her so he wouldn’t forget what she looked like because in the world they lived in now it was feasible for her to just disappear. Hopper had told them that it was over, the world was normal again. Nancy could not bring herself to believe him, no matter how hard she wanted to. The world could never be normal again, there would always be monsters lurking in the corner. “What’d Mrs. Snite do this time?”

“Oh, you know, just being a major bitch.” Nancy shot him a look, she hated when he called teachers names. “She gave me a D on that project I did.” He turned away from Nancy and stared at the wall of lockers across the hall.

“Steve, I can help you. We can get your grades up.” He shook his head.

“Nah, I’m good.” She placed a hand on his shoulder and he grazed his cheek on the back of her hand.

“I don’t know why you won’t just let me help.” She whispered, astutely aware that this could turn into a massive argument. He didn’t like to talk about school, his grades, the future and especially the idea of Nancy tutoring him. Sometimes his tough guy act was positively infuriating. She didn’t know why he continued the act, she could see right through it. She knew who Steve was now, but she didn’t blame him. Wasn’t she acting too?

“I don’t need your help.” He set his jaw and pulled away from her touch. She shook her head and returned to her locker. Steve was done talking about it and he was the most stubborn person she knew. “Do you have plans tonight?”

“Studying at the library with Jonathan. You’re welcome to join.” Jonathan and her had a standing appointment to study on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Steve would tag along most of the time, although he never studied or did any homework. She grabbed her calculus and English textbooks and slammed her locker shut. She kissed Steve on the cheek and began to walk to her first class. Steve followed beside her, even though his class was on the other side of the building.

“Why don’t you guys just come over to my house to study?”

“Because, Steve Harrington, we never get any work done at your house. You have this wonderful knack of being absolutely distracting. And it is ten times worse when we’re at your place.” Her mind wandered to the time he clambered down the stairs in a cut-off sweatshirt that showed off his... well everything. He was so unashamed and Nancy was slightly jealous. She pretended not to notice the slight blush that formed on Jonathan’s cheeks. There was also the time when Steve insisted on playing his ‘perfect study mixtape’ for Jonathan and they spent the rest of the night talking about music and Nancy was left to study for history by herself.

Steve scoffed, “I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Nancy didn’t look at Steve, but she knew that he was smiling. He was well aware of how much of a distraction he was. They reached her classroom.

“Meet us at the library at three.” She turned away from her boyfriend and tried to mentally prepare for torture that was calculus. Nancy took her seat next to Barb, no one had filled the empty desk. Nancy watched as Barb studiously took notes, glancing from the board to her notebook. She watched as her face lit up when a problem finally clicked and her brow furrow when the next problem was ten times harder. The bell rung and Barb was gone.

They laid on Nancy’s bed, her window open and the cool breeze of a summer’s night filled the air. Crickets and fireflies had turned the Wheeler yard into a symphony of sound and light. Barb rolled over on her back to look up at the ceiling. She let out an exaggerated sigh and lifted her arms into the air then let them fall dramatically above her head. Nancy looked up from the article she was reading in *Seventeen*. “Do you think we’ll always be friends?” Barb asked. Nancy laughed slightly.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, soon we’ll be in college who knows where, and then we’ll become career women, and then possibly *moms* … what if we forget about each other?” Barb turned her head to look at Nancy. Nancy smiled.

“I could never forget you Barb. No matter what.”

“What if...” Barb started then shook her head.

“What is it?” Nancy asked as she sat up. Barb shook her head again.

“No, no. Nevermind, it’s stupid.” Nancy watched her for a few seconds, bit her lip and laid back down next to Barb.

“I’m sorry.” Nancy whispered.

“What was that Miss Wheeler?” Mr. Clarke asked from the chalkboard. Nancy’s head snapped up from her textbook. She looked around the classroom full of worried and scared eyes. Everyone was either scared of her or scared of what changed her. Nancy was scared of both.

“Oh, uh, could you go over number three again?” Nancy asked as she

desperately tried to pull herself out of her memories. At least memories were better than nightmares.

“Absolutely!”

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you so much for reading!

I'm going to try and do a chapter a week, but I am a new college student, so you might have to be a little patient with me.

You can find me over on Tumblr at dearestangelicaschuylер.

3. love's strange so real in the dark

Notes for the Chapter:

obligatory author excuses for not updating on time and apologies

I finally finished this chapter! I am really sorry, but college.

Note: A little bit of suggestive stuff at the beginning, but not really smutty so I didn't change the rating.

Her body arched under him, his name was a beautiful breathy sound on her perfect lips. Tendrils of hair clung to her forehead and her nails created red patterns on his back, a stinging pain that would later fuel his own fantasies. He kissed and nipped at her soft skin above her clavicle. He liked to leave his mark too. There was a knock on his door. Nancy's doe-like eyes widened. "I thought your parents weren't home." Steve tore his eyes from Nancy to look at his bedroom door. He nodded.

"They're in Chicago." Nancy pushed him off of her and gathered his sheets around her body.

"Go see who it is." She demanded. Steve scoffed and gestured to his situation. "Well, make it go away."

"It doesn't work that way." He laughed. She shot him a look, but scrambled off his bed and grabbed her dress. She threw it on and ran her fingers through her hair in a futile attempt to mask what she and Steve were just doing. Steve covered himself up. Nancy opened the door slightly, just enough for her head to peek out.

"Mrs. Harrington?" Nancy exclaimed.

"Nancy, good to see you again. I'm assuming my son is in there as well?" Steve wanted his bed to swallow him whole right then, take him to the upside down world. Whatever was down there would be a million times more pleasurable than being there.

"Uh, yes. We thought that you two were in Chicago."

"We *were*. We came home early to surprise Steve." He couldn't see his mother, but he could imagine her piercing blue eyes and tight lips. Her disgust and disapproval would be obvious and terrifying. "I think you two should come downstairs. I'll be waiting." Nancy shut the door and turned to look at Steve.

"I'm going to kill you." She seethed.

"Yeah, if my mom doesn't beat you to it." He climbed off his bed and started to get dressed. Nancy sat down on the corner of his bed and chewed on her nails. He eyed her. "Nancy, it'll be fine. Ten minutes of an embarrassing conversation and I'll take you home." She looked up at him and feigned a smile. He leaned down and kissed her forehead. He held her hand as they walked to the kitchen where his parents were waiting. His mother, the incomparable Eliza Fitzgerald Harrington the heir to the Fitzgerald fortune that included most of the farmland in Hawkins, Indiana and the entire local government, sat nursing a nearly full glass of red wine. His father, Albert Harrington, director of The Hawkins Historical Society and author read his New York Times. "Hey Pops," Steve said as Nancy's grip on his hand tightened. Albert looked up from his newspaper and pushed his wire-rimmed glasses up the bridge of his nose.

"Stevie..." his father started.

"I cannot *believe* you, Steven Joseph!" His mother interrupted. "Your father and I put the utmost trust in you to leave you at home without supervision and you have betrayed that trust! I just cannot believe you!" Albert stood up and wrapped an arm around his wife of eighteen.

"Liza, darling."

"Don't you start with the 'darling' shit!" She shook his arm off of her shoulder.

"Cut the kid some slack, he's seventeen. Just think what we were doing at his age." There was a twinkle in his light blue eyes, mischievous and reminiscent. Eliza's mouth opened and then shut

again. Steve looked from his father to his mother and then back again. Albert put a tentative hand on Eliza's shoulder.

"Exactly," she said and turned away from her husband, her jaw set. Steve knew the story, had heard it a hundred times. His parents met in high school, his mom was the beautiful and smart cheerleader and valedictorian and his dad, president of the history club and chess club, student body president, and salutatorian. They were a match made in heaven, aside from the fact that Eliza could not stand him and they were dating each other's best friends. Then on prom night Eliza's boyfriend got sloppy drunk and abandoned her at an after party and she had no one to call except Albert. He came in his dad's old Studebaker and opened the passenger door for her and gave her his jacket to stop her from shivering. She cried as he drove and he did his best to comfort her. Then she kissed him in front of his house and invited him in. Four months later they were married in a backyard ceremony and five months after that Steve was born.

Eliza's shoulders sagged slightly. "I just want you to be careful." Sure, everything worked out, Albert worked days in a factory and went to night school to get his degree in history, his mother worked at the daycare Steve went to, and Eliza's parents secretly sent them money to help out. Then once Albert was settled in his career at the historical society, Eliza went back to school for business. And now they lived the perfect upper-class society lifestyle and were the model of a perfect marriage and no one questioned the beginnings of their relationship. But there was always the looming *what if* that hung over the Harringtons' heads.

"I'm sure they are, right son?" His dad questioned. Steve gulped and tried to find his voice.

"Yeah," He coughed. "Yeah, of course we are." His father and mother exchanged a look, but his mother relented.

"Okay," she said. The only person in the world that could get Eliza Fitzgerald Harrington to change her mind was her husband.

Nancy and Steve were silent during the drive to the Wheeler home. He would glance over occasionally, hoping to catch her eye and give her a reassuring look, but she steadfastly stared out her window. He

did not know what to say to her, but he desperately wanted to make her laugh or roll her eyes, really anything to make her feel better. As he pulled into the Wheeler driveway, he turned off the radio that previously filled the silence. They sat in his car and let the silence fall over them. Steve opened his mouth to apologize, again. For the sixth time. Nancy began to laugh. It started as a small giggle but slowly turned into her classic hysterical guffaw. Steve watched her body shake with laughter and his own lips began to form a smile. “Oh my god!” Nancy exclaimed through her laughter.

“It wasn’t *that* bad.” Steve laughed along with his girlfriend.

“It could’ve been worse,” She agreed. Her nose scrunched and her eyes squinted.

“Yeah, just imagine if it had been your mom.” Nancy stopped laughing, her eyes suddenly wide, and groaned. She threw her head back against the car seat.

“I’m pretty sure I get my natural ability to wield a firearm from my mother, just saying.” She looked at him out of the corner of her eye.

“Oh, trust me. I’m already terrified of your mom. She takes the whole ‘mama bear’ thing to an insane level.” Nancy nodded knowingly. She leaned over and kissed Steve on his cheek.

“See ya tomorrow for a movie?”

“Absolutely, I’ll be here at seven.” He watched as she climbed out of his car and ran up to her front door, her curly ponytail swinging. She turned around at her door to wave one last time to him, he returned the wave and then pulled out of the Wheeler driveway. The idea of heading home made him want to vomit. He could practically picture his mother and father still sitting in the kitchen, the glass of wine nearly empty now and the newspaper completely forgotten, speaking in harsh tones about Steve. They were worried about him and would be even more worried if he did not return home soon. But the stubborn rebellious bone that he inherited from his mother steered him in the opposite direction of home and toward the liquor store on Jackson that never carded.

Four beers later he was wandering aimlessly through the woods of Hawkins. The woods that once held adventure and intrigue, but now were home to horrors that Steve could never even imagine. He stumbled slightly. “Fuck,” he mumbled. He threw the empty beer can into the wooded distance and hummed the new Michael Jackson song softly. The soft breeze cooled his alcohol induced flushed skin and he suddenly realized that he was lost. The woods were no longer familiar but had transformed into a menacing scene. “I fucking hate myself.” Steve slurred to no one but turned around to try to find his way back the way he came. He swung his arms and continued his drunken mumbling as he stumbled forward. The mind of Steve Harrington whirled with the hundreds of thoughts that often consumed a teenage boy who was desperately in love. He did not notice the stilling of the wind or how suddenly there was no longer the soft sounds of the woods. The beer can that was precariously tossed away crunched underneath the weight of something, causing Steve to stop in his tracks. He whipped his head around, squinting into the distance, but not seeing anything. He listened intently, but only heard the pounding of his heart. Thoughts of Nancy disappeared as memories of monsters and upside down worlds infiltrated his mind. “Hello? Who’s out there?” He shouted into the darkness. Signals from his brain to run away could not reach his legs and he stood frozen. He thought he saw something move in the distance, something coming closer. The last thing he saw before he was finally able to run away was glowing red eyes. He ran, ignoring the burning in his lungs and nausea threatening to betray him. He ran until he finally reached the road and his car and he immediately vomited. Steve leaned against the hood of his car to catch his breath, almost certain that it was all some sort of drunken hallucination. He laughed and ran his fingers through his hair. As he turned to get into his car, there was rustling in the woods and he froze yet again. The rustling stopped and Steve held his breath. Suddenly a dark mass charged from within the woods. Steve swung open his car door and tumbled in. He started it as fast as he could and slammed on the gas, but not before the dark mass lunged for the back of his car.

Steve sped down the country roads of his hometown, his heart racing and head pounding.

Notes for the Chapter:

A little introduction to the Harrington family and I promised monsters, so we're finally getting there. Also when the hell are Steve and Jonathan and Nancy going to finally get together... I mean seriously?????

Thank you for reading and waiting for this chapter. I hope to have the next one out soon*. I'm very grateful for each and every one of you!

Hit me up on tumblr
dearestangelicaschuylr.tumblr.com

*time does not exist and soon is a relative term.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading! Please leave a comment so that we can talk about the ot3 of all ot3s.